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UP THE AMAZON

STORY OF A FISHING AND PLEASURE PARTY.

BRYAN, THE IRISHMAN, CATCHES A BIG TROUT—EDITH'S NARROW ESCAPE FROM A WOLF—THE INDIAN'S GRATITUDE—MORTON'S MIS- MAP—EDITH LOST.

(Written by a little girl twelve years old.)

On Saturday, June 13th, at about six o'clock in the morning, a party might have been seen wending their way up the Amazon river. Let us stop for a moment and describe the party and what their intentions are. They intend going to a beautiful island a long way up the river to camp for about one month. The party consists of Mr. and Mrs. Stanley and their little girl (about five years old), Edith by name, and their three boys, a young man by the name of Frank Morton, Bryan (an Irishman), who was to be cook, and three other gentlemen and two ladies. They have three boats—one with provisions and bedding, and the other two for the party. But we have forgotten to mention a most important member of the little party, this is a large Newfoundland dog of Edith's; his name is Chino. They reached the island about six o'clock, feeling very tired and very hungry. When they landed the men were hunting for a suitable place for pitching their tents, whilst the others went to gather coconuts. There were a great many monkeys on the island, and when the boys went to climb the trees, great was their surprise to see the monkeys there. Mrs. Stanley wanted the boys to climb up, but they did not like to. They were trying to think of a way to get the nuts when Mr. Stanley came up to where the boys were standing, and said he would show them a way to get them. He took up a handful of stones and threw them up the tree, whereupon the monkeys, thinking he was trying to hit them, threw a shower of nuts down; but Mr. Stanley had told the boys to run as soon as he threw the stones, so they all escaped unhurt. The boys got baskets, and after getting a good supply of the nuts, returned to the camp, where a nice supper was prepared for them by Bryan. After supper, the men sat around the fire to smoke and talk of what they would do the following day. The ladies washed up the tea things, and, as they were all tired, they said they would go to bed early. At about seven o'clock Mr. Stanley called them all into one of the tents, and read a portion of the Holy Scripture, and then, thanking their Creator for bringing them safely to the island, they retired to their separate tents. Though they were tired after their journey, they were up at half past six, ready for the adventures of the day. Bryan said he was going fishing, and as soon as he had breakfast he started off. We will leave the rest of the party and follow Bryan to see how he succeeded with his fishing. When Bryan started he had a bag containing a couple of fishing lines and a few hooks, and throwing it across the stock of his gun, and, both across his shoulder, he took his way down a rugged path which led down to a ravine or glen. Below this glen there was a sheet of water which Bryan had not noticed. Had Bryan's eyes been more active, he would have seen that the large branches by the side of the path along which he walked concealed a place so steep that it could almost be called a precipice. But Bryan was lost in thinking what fine fish he would get, and the first thing that awakened him was the slipping of a stone which caused him to trip and fall headlong over a bank. The poor Irishman grasped at the branches to stop his fall, but

they were torn from his hands, and after one or two unpleasant bounds and a good deal of crashing through shrubs that tore his clothes sadly, he found himself stretched at full length on the bank of the river. So nearly had he been hurled into the river by the violence of his rapid descent that his head was hanging over the bank before he stopped. Being stunned by the fall, Bryan lay for a few seconds motionless. As soon as he could collect his thoughts he became aware of the fact that a fish fully two feet long lay at the bottom of the pool over which his head hung. Starting up and forgetting his bruises, he turned to look for the bag containing his fishing lines, and seeing it lying on the ground not far distant, still wrapped around the gun, he went to pick it up. "Ah!" he exclaimed, on lifting up the gun which was sadly bent, "you're fit for nothin' but shootin' round the corner, now." It was lucky for Bryan his backbone was not in the same fix.

He got a cod-line and put a fly on the end of it and then went cautiously to the bank of the river. He cast the fly with a violent splash into the water. In a few seconds the fly was swallowed, and Bryan holding on to the pole and pulling, tossed a beautiful trout of about 2 lbs. weight out of the water. "Oh, ye purty cratur," exclaimed the delighted Irishman, clapping his hands with glee as he looked at the fish, "I must get another to kape ye company." He therefore went to the pool again and drew out another trout; it was larger than the first one, and Bryan became so excited in the sport that he forgot everything else for the time being. Having caught six or seven trout, he changed his position a little, and threw his line over a pool nearer to a large lake. The fly was swallowed the instant it fell on the water, but Bryan did not haul as quickly as before. The fish darted so swiftly towards the lake that the Irishman thought the line would snap in two unless something was done. He therefore followed the fish at the top of his speed, uttering sounds of mingled rage and amazement as he went and tripping over branches in his wild chase, and after a smart run the fish stopped and darted back so rapidly that Bryan tripped and fell into the water. The place was shallow, but having fallen on his back he was wet from head to foot. He did not lose hold of his rod, however. Sputtering and dripping, he followed the fish in his wild run until it turned again. The fish was going towards a place where the water was very shallow, Bryan saw this, and he pulled so hard that the line broke. The fish tried to get away, but the water was so shallow that it could not get along very fast. Bryan took advantage of this and went and threw his huge frame on the fish's back. The battle was terrible. Bryan did not know the strength of the fish, and he could not get hold of its slippery body. Once it escaped and dashed water in its enemy's face, but Bryan caught it by the head and was nearly choked at the same time by swallowing a muddy compound which the fish had knocked up with its tail. After a while Bryan rose on one knee while he crushed the fish with both hands, and then hurled it up the bank, where it fell. It was a beautiful trout of about 20 lbs. weight. Bryan got up and putting his fish in the bag, started for the camp. The party were sitting under a roof made of branches, which the men had built, and when Bryan made his appearance a shout of laughter greeted him. "Why, what ails you, Bryan?" asked Mr. Stanley. "Its meself is glad to be sartin' I'm here, anyhow," said Bryan, and all the party gathered in the tent to hear the adventures of Frank Morton and the other two men who went out; so Frank said

he would tell them. "We started to paddle up the river, but we soon found that three men in a canoe could not make much headway against the strong current of the river, so we went ashore; after a long tramp up the banks of the river, we saw some good sized pines; we went further and found trees a good deal larger; we also saw a great many ducks and shot a few." The party then retired. In the morning, at about 5 o'clock, Mr. Stanley woke up, and as no one was about, he thought he would go for a walk before breakfast. He had walked about a mile, when he met an Indian; Mr. Stanley shook hands and told him what they were on the island for, and then asked the Indian why he was there alone. The Indian said he had two girls about ten years old and another little girl, who was an invalid, and he was told that the island was a healthy place, and as there was plenty of game he had come to live there. Mr. Stanley said he would go back to the camp and have breakfast, and then he and Mrs. Stanley would come and see the little girl.

(To be continued.)

True Nobility.

(Written Expressly for the Progress.)

In the estimation of some persons, the introduction of the question we are about to discuss may savour so strongly of unwarrantable interference with the established rules of conventional etiquette, as to call for its immediate dismissal; those, however, whose candor ranks above their prejudices, cannot be unwilling that it should undergo an impartial investigation. To deal truthfully with our subject, it is absolutely impossible to refrain from trespassing upon the landmark of ancient prerogation. Indeed, society is becoming convinced of the fallaciousness of that prerogation.

Men are beginning to perceive that they cannot repudiate the philosophical theories of their fathers, and at the same time assent to their notions of individual superiority.

It is, therefore, not unbecoming in us to seek to ascertain the tenability of the grounds upon which that superiority has been admitted, and to see whether it is not possible to adduce others far more truthful than any the world has hitherto recognized. If it behoves us to be scrupulously exact in calling things by their right names, it is certainly desirable that we should not be a whit less careful in our classification of men.

It is thoroughly compatible with reason to regard some individuals as more worthy the respect and honor of society than others. There always have been, and ever will be, men who, in some way or other, take precedence of their fellows—who, like King Saul of old, stand so high in the crowd, as to render it impossible for them not to be recognized as above that crowd. In this we shall all agree. It remains to be decided what are those characteristics which should not only ensure that recognition, but which require that their possessors should be honored with respect, and invested with authority; in other words, to answer the enquiry—what is a noble man?

To do this it is necessary that we thoroughly understand what is comprised in genuine nobility. To accept a mere etymological definition would be settling the question in too summary a manner to attain the information we seek. Besides, as we have a notion that the world has hitherto erred on this subject; and as we cannot deal with it without acting with the strictest impartiality as well as the most unflinching independence, we must divest ourselves of every conceivable trammel, and with common sense for our guide, prepare to furnish a truthful answer to an interrogation which must commend itself to every mind that prefers rational inquiry to stereotyped assumption.

The amount of erroneous impression in reference to this subject is unfortunately so large as to render it needful that we should, previous to attempting to define what genuine nobility is, spend some portion of time in showing what it is not; this will clear away a vast heap of rubbish which encumbers our path at the very outset of the inquiry.

We contend, therefore, in the first place, that genuine nobility

does not consist in descent from any particular line of ancestors.

The supporters of this nobility-theory have a difficulty to encounter which we hold to be insurmountable, namely, the impossibility of proving that whatever the qualifications, the possession of which may have led an individual to be thought worthy the honors and authority of a nobleman, such qualifications are necessarily hereditary.

The question naturally arises, can we secure to any particular family the possession of these qualifications; it is a known fact that the laws of England assume that we can; common sense, strengthened by experience, declares we cannot, and when laws and common sense are found to be antagonistical, it requires no extraordinary perception to speculate successfully as to which will eventually triumph. Again, the glaring inconsistency of this theory is as evident as its absurdity. If it be right to heap honors upon a particular race, because one of its progenitors was thought to have shed some luster upon the annals of his country, then it is equally right to brand with opprobrium the descendants of the individuals who have disgraced those annals—to let the children of the murderer bear the stigma of their father's crime, and to banish from the country the lineal descendants of those who have been exiled for disobedience to its laws. Another argument against the acceptance of this definition of nobility arises from its tendency to those who receive its honors careless of deserving them. Looking at the men who have been nobles by inheritance, we see, spite of the advantages of their position, very few manifestations of those traits of character which render men worthy public emulation. Need this surprise us? Let the pathway of an individual be strewn with all the homage attendant upon hereditary nobility, and it is not the fault of the system if he does not become indifferent to the true element of greatness. For it is in the nature of that system to generate a placid confidence in an imagination—intuitive superiority, too likely to result in an unwillingness to tread the path to merited honor. It is evident that the recognition of this theory of nobility as the true one will be proportionate to the ignorance of a community. To imagine that it could exist in the high noon of intelligence would be preposterous. The deference paid to it in our own day is, to a vast extent, a hollow-hearted sham, for mankind are awakening to the fact that such deference is incompatible with genuine civilization.

On the part of some individuals, however, there is a grovelling disposition to look upon the possessors of this accidental nobility as the exemplars of their race. And the extent to which this is carried out is not more disgusting than it is ludicrous. Goldsmith, after laughing at the people for dressing up puppets in finery, and then standing with astonishment before the plastic wonders, tells us of a certain rat catcher, who, having been strolling for a long time without employment, suddenly took upon himself the title of His Majesty's Rat Catcher in Ordinary—a trick which speedily brought him abundance of employment. The example of this worthy knight of the trap is extensively followed in our own day, with similar results. And whilst we smile at the absurdity, let us not lose sight of the moral it teaches, which is this: That as men are prone to emulate that which they conceive to be nobility, it behoves us to see that they reverence a fact rather than do homage to a fiction.

(To be continued.)

Born in 1786.

A Chicago dispatch to the Toronto Empire says: William Chambers, of Chatham, Ont., who is 108 years old, passed through this city yesterday morning en route from Portage la Prairie, Manitoba, to his home in Chatham. He was travelling alone and toddled around the Dearborn street station as sprightly as any young fellow of 50 or 60. He had been up in Manitoba to see his boys who are 78 and 83. He was born in England in 1786.

When Napoleon was changing the map of Europe he was a sturdy young man. He fought with the Duke of Wellington in Spain for several years, but left the service before the Duke beat Napoleon, so he does not claim to be a Waterloo survivor. He came to America soon afterwards and settled in Canada.

THE GREAT SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE TONIC AND STOMACH AND LIVER CURE

The Wonderful HEALTH BUILDER & NERVE FOOD

This Remedy cures Indigestion and Dyspepsia, as well as all Nervous Diseases, by acting on the Nerve Centres at the base of the brain. It has been absolutely demonstrated, that two-thirds of our diseases and ailments, are due to the deranged Nerve Centres at the base of or within the brain.

SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE IS A WONDERFUL CURE FOR INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

Loss of Appetite, Weight and Tenderness in the Stomach, Sour Stomach Pain in the Stomach, Wind upon the Stomach, Nausea and Sick Stomach, Sick-Headache, Hiccough, Water Brash, Heartburn, Vertigo and Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Frightful Dreams, etc.

The Stomach suffers more than any of the other organs from disease, because into it are taken so many indigestible and irritating substances as articles of food. In its great effort to digest these, it soon becomes weakened and diseased. Under such circumstances, it is not wonderful that so many complain of indigestion and weak stomachs. When the stomach fails to digest and assimilate the food the whole body falls into a state of weakness and decay. For Nature has decreed that the body must constantly receive nutriment through the stomach, to repair the waste of tissue constantly going on in the system.

The South American Nervine

Is probably the greatest remedy ever discovered for the cure of all Chronic Stomach troubles, because it acts through the nerve centres. It gives marked relief in **ONE DAY**, and very soon effects a permanent cure. The first bottle will convince anyone that a cure is certain.



It will cure you. July 16th, 1893. Walkerton, Ont.

WHAT EX-MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT, KEULEN E. TRUAX, SAYS.

I have been for about twenty years very much troubled with indigestion and dyspepsia, have tried a great many different kinds of patent medicines, and have been treated by a number of physicians and found no benefit from them. I was recommended to try SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE. I obtained a bottle, and I must say I have found very great relief, and have since taken two more bottles, and now feel that I am entirely free from indigestion, and would strongly recommend all my fellow sufferers from the disease, to give SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE an immediate trial.

(My signature) Rumbert & Leary

A MINISTER OF THE GOSPEL SPEAKS.

PETERBORO, Ontario, June 27th, 1893.

To the Proprietor of South American Nervine.



DEAR SIR,—I have much pleasure in recommending the great SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE to all who are afflicted as I have been, with nervous prostration and indigestion. I found very great relief from the very first bottle, which was strongly recommended to me by my druggist. I also induced my wife to use it, who, I must say, was completely run down and was suffering very much from general debility. She found great relief from SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and also cheerfully recommends it to her fellow sufferers.

(My signature) Rev W S Barker

Sick Headache

Is dependent on deranged nerve centres and indigestion. Hence its cure must come through building up the Nervous System and curing the Stomach. SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE will absolutely cure this dreaded malady and prevent its return.

A SWORN CURE FOR ST. VITUS'S DANCE.

CRAWFORDVILLE, Indiana.

My daughter, twelve years old, had been afflicted for several months with St. Vitus's Dance. She was reduced to a skeleton, could not walk, could not swallow anything but milk; I had to handle her like an infant. Doctors and neighbors gave up. I commenced giving her the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE, and the effects were very surprising. In three days she was rid of her nervousness, and rapidly improved. Four bottles cured her completely. I think the SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE the greatest remedy ever discovered, and would recommend it to everyone. Mrs. W. T. ENSMINGER.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss: Subscribed and sworn to before me this May 10, 1893.

CHAS. M. TRAVIS, Notary Public.

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A Big Dollar's Worth

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that by the Act 57-58 Victoria, Chapter 24, the Governor-in-Council is empowered to deal with the claim to military bounty on account of active service during the North-West Rebellion of 1885, of any person who is entitled thereto but has not already received such bounty.

As the time for the location of Military Bounties is extended by Statute until the 1st of January, 1896, only, all claims must be filed immediately in order that they may be examined and Warrants issued in time to be located before the date mentioned.

By Order, JOHN R. HALL, Secretary.

Department of the Interior, Ottawa, 6th December, 1894. 10-12

The following books, suitable for Christmas and New Year's presents, are to be obtained from Mr. John Griener, "The Business Guide," by Hansford, L.L.D., Osgood Hall; "Household Guide," by Prof. B.G. Jeffries; "Woman's World," by Mary Alice Sullivan, profusely illustrated; "Stories of Pioneer Life," a book for children, by J. E. Jenkins; "Speakers' Complete Programme," "Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress," and "Songs that Never Die."

The Winnipeg Weekly Tribune, which is acknowledged to have—even by rival publishers—the largest circulation of any paper published in Canada west of Lake Superior, is now offering great inducements to intending subscribers. It can be obtained from now to January 1st, 1896, for \$1—a very slight advance on the cost of the white paper used in its publication. At its regular price of \$1 a year The Weekly Tribune is certainly extra value, and with the balance of this year free the offer becomes an extraordinary one. The fact that the Weekly Tribune reaches more homes in the North-West than any other paper published, is strong evidence that it is recognized as the great family newspaper. It publishes Dr. Talmage's sermon each week, and gives more Manitoba and North-West news from its own correspondents than all other Winnipeg papers combined. This is especially interesting to the settler, as almost every district is represented. It can be had from now to the end of next year by sending \$1 to the Tribune Publishing Co., Winnipeg.

